And ſweare to mend her ſluttiſh huſwiferie.
Fai. I warrant you I will performe your will.
Hu. Where is *Pead?* go you & ſee where Brokers
And Foxe-eyed Seriants with their maſe, (ſleep,
Goe laie the Proctors in the ſtreet,
And pinch the lowſie Seriants face:
Spare none of theſe when they are a bed,
But ſuch whoſe noſe lookes plew and red.
Quic. Away begon, his mind fulfill,
And looke that none of you ſtand ſtill.
Some do that thing, ſome do this,
All do ſomething, none amis.
Hir Hu. I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fal. God bleſſe me from that wealch Fairie.
Quic. Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his preſumption in this place,
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.
Sir Hu. See I haue ſpied one by good luck,
His bodie man, his head a buck.
Fal. God ſend me good fortune now, and I care (not.
Quic. Go ſtrait, and do as I commaund,
And take a Taper in your hand,
And ſet it to his fingers endes,
And if you ſee it him offends,
And that he ſtarteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall, know his name:
If with an F. it doth begin,
Why then be ſhure he is full of ſin.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this ſame metamorphiſed youth.
Sir Hu. Giue me the Tapers, I will try
And if that he loue venery.